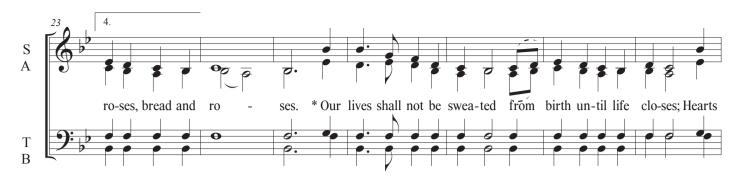
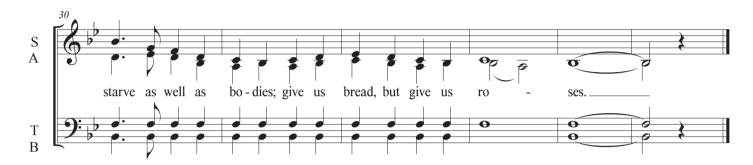
Bread and Roses

James Oppenheim, Mimi Fariña la rangeuse = 120 Soprano Alto proposition: 1 T+B sur la mélodie 1. As we go mar-ching, mar-ching, in the beau - ty day, A 2. As 3. As 2 S+A go mar-ching, mar-ching, bat - tle for For we we_ too men, 3 tutti num - bered wo - men we ge mar-ching, mar-ching, un dead, Go go mar-ching, we__ 4 tutti fort 4. As mar-ching, bring the The we grea - ter days, * S + A doux Tenor Bass mil - lion dar - kened kit - chens, _ thou-sand mill lofts gray, Are touched with the a wo - men's chil-dren and be they are we mo - ther them a - gain. Our lives shall cry - ing through our sing-ing their an - cient call for bread. Small art love of the wo-men_means the ri - sing the race. No more the drudhe and sud - den sun dis - clo - ses, For sing-ing: "Bread and ra - diance that a the peo - ple hear us swea - ted from_ birth un - til life clo - ses; Hearts___ starve as well as bo - dies give us beau - ty id - ler their_ drud-ging spi-rits is bread we fight for, knew ___ Yes, _ it but we ten that toil where one res - po - ses, ler, But _ - _ a sha - ring of life's glo - ries: Breadand T 3. ses! Bread and ses!" ro fight for ro-ses too. bread, but give ro ses.

arrangé par et pour la chorale anarchiste de lausanne et mis à disposition libre et non marchande ni dieu, ni maître, ni ©





- 1. As we go marching, marching, in the beauty of the day, A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts gray, Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses, For the people hear us singing: "Bread and roses! Bread and roses!"
- 2. As we go marching, marching, we battle too for men, For they are women's children, and we mother them again. Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes; Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give us roses.
- 3. As we go marching, marching, unnumbered women dead Go crying through our singing their ancient call for bread. Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew. Yes, it is bread we fight for, but we fight for roses too.
- 4. As we go marching, marching, we bring the greater days, The rising of the women means the rising of the race. No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil where one reposes, But a sharing of life's glories: Bread and roses, bread and roses.
- * Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes; Hearts starve as well as bodies; bread and roses, bread and roses.